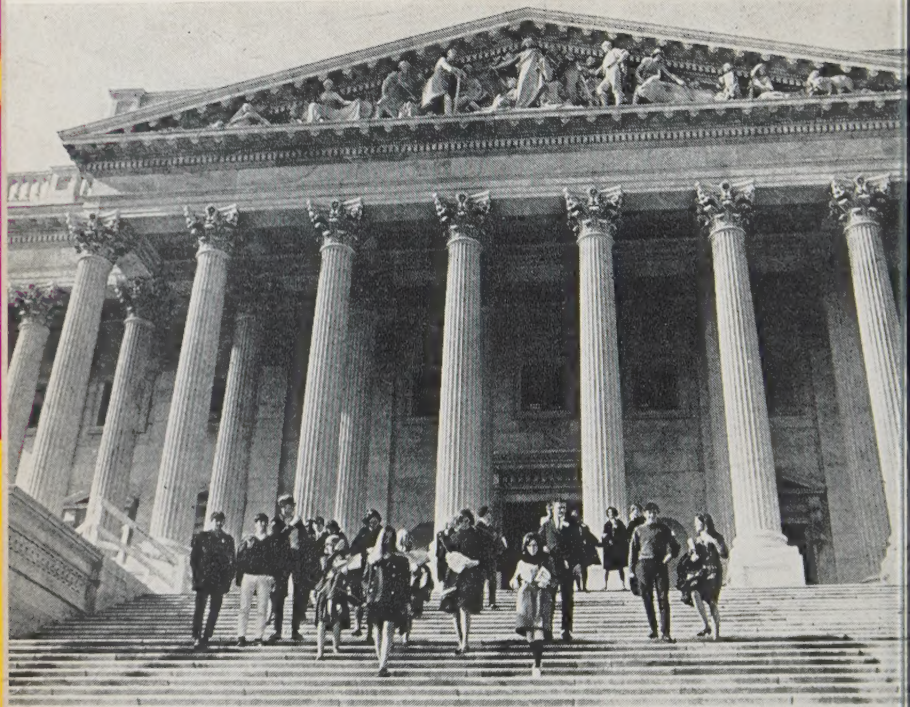


Youth

APRIL 21, 1968



WASHINGTON, D. C.: THE ENDLESS SEMINAR . . .
A WORK CAMPER'S IMPRESSIONS OF POLAND
WORLD CARTOONISTS VIEW U. S.



THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND .

They climbed the Washington Monument, visited their congressmen, saw the Senate in session, toured the U.N., talked with embassy officials, and went to Radio City Music Hall. "They" were the participants in a year's Washington and New York Youth Seminar sponsored by the Church of the Brethren. The 200 delegates, including 15 exchange students, spent six days listening, sharing, and discussing ideas, insights, and concerns about the United States and international issues as they met in Washington, D.C. and New York City.

Two participants in the seminar agreed to write about their experiences for YOUTH and you. Lois Baldwin is 17 years old and is from North Manchester, Indiana. Gary Wilson is a high school junior from Elgin, Illinois. What Lois has written is printed in light face type (our article begins with her account); Gary's thoughts are printed in bold face. Each wrote a different story about the seminar, but what they wrote fit together.

BY LOIS BALDWIN AND GARY WILSON

—From Idaho, Kansas, Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Virginia, Pennsylvania and several other states, we came together by bus, car, train, and plane, over 200 of us, to attend the 1968 Brethren Youth Seminar. We came to have fun, to get acquainted with other young people, and to learn about the government of our nation and its relationships with other countries—to have experiences and opportunities that relatively few people our age receive.

We saw the grandiose spending on monuments, while the budget for welfare was cut. We came at a time of crisis, the Pueblo Affair, but didn't know what really happened because of the "credibility gap." We knew Vietnam was bringing bitter resentment from the rest of the world, and division within the United States. The spy system, the FBI and CIA, we knew were questionable as to their morality. People were moved by the fact that 17,000 of our boys were killed in Vietnam, 83 captured in North Korea, but many, too many, were untouched when three million children died of malnutrition. We don't know hunger. We knew of the hatred toward blacks, and therefore could understand the motivation toward black power. We saw the need for gun control.

The Rev. Duane H. Ramsey, Pastor of the Washington City Church of the Brethren, gave the presentation for our first general session. His topic, "Brethren Youth in Today's World" covered many areas and problems, such as the morality of the Pueblo incident and the pitiful poverty situation. His advice to today's youth was to be persistent and to get informed, then work with the problems within ourselves and our own communities, branching out from there. He said, "Youth who want to change the world should not 'turn off' or 'drop out,' but 'butt into' politics and change it from within."

The first night the idea of a youth lobby was presented. Why don't we take some action and let the governing board of our denomination know what we feel on issues? It never happened, but maybe it should have.

A persistently ringing telephone, a charming "Time to get up," (courtesy of the hotel), and a new bright and sunny day had begun.

Youth /

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"I think trade is a
start to trade together
communicate with one
world's tensions, much



After finding the correct entrance, we took a tour of the Capitol Building, which, as one person so aptly stated, consisted mainly of "seeing lots of statues and old paintings."

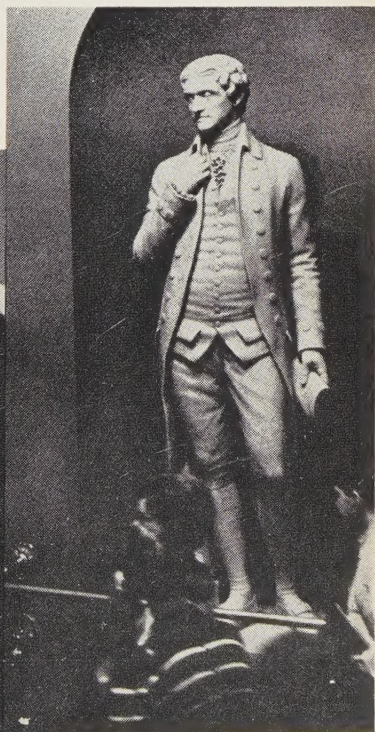
Our first speaker was Rep. Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania who explained to us the set-up of the House of Representatives.

Rep. Schweiker spoke on the topic "National Issues as Viewed by a Republican Congressman." He listed six factors which influence his voting decision on issues: 1) Committee reports, 2) Debates, 3) Interest of the country, 4) Interest of his district, 5) Opinion of people from his district, and 6) Personal feelings. As far as people contacting their congressman is concerned, he felt that personal visits and phone calls are the most effective ways to influence a Representative or a Senator.

He was for a stronger peace machine, more money to cities and less

peace. I think when people
a legitimate means, and to
er, you relieve a lot of the
o than the diplomats do."

—Senator Warren Magnuson

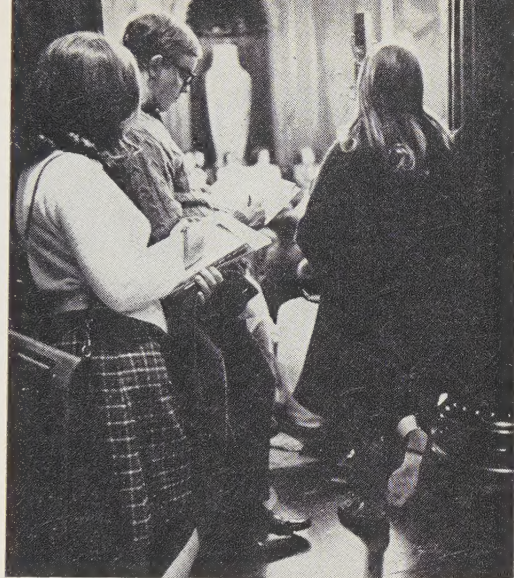
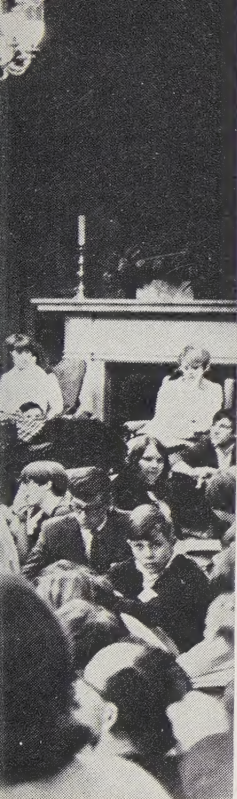




to agriculture, foreign aid, and the space program. He was also for civil rights. He didn't speak on any of these issues, but answered questions about them. When asked about military spending, he said that the military is a wasteful machine and spending there could probably be cut, but it might be cut in the wrong place . . . that might hurt national security, so don't cut military spending.

Our next meeting (after lunch) was with Democratic Senator Warren G. Magnuson, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce and Transportation. His presentation and answers to questions covered such things as his view on the Pueblo incident, foreign aid, and the budget.

Senator Magnuson cannot be quoted as saying very much. Even when asked, he would take no definite stand on anything (he couldn't even clearly explain the Civil Rights Bill then on the Senate floor) except that foreign aid should be cut. He was friendly and complimentary, and was



"The quickest way to make policy change is to have a grass-roots feeling within the country about what ought to be done and ought not to be done, and then you'll see policy change rather quickly. When that isn't the case, then policy changes slowly."

—Rep. Richard Schweiker

appreciated his taking time out to speak to us, but we had serious questions on deep issues, and were asking him to give his judgment, which we respected, so that we could better make decisions on these issues. In this respect, he failed.

The evening presentation was given by the Rev. Grover C. Bagby of the Methodist Church. His discussion on the topic of "Black Power and the Racial Crisis" expounded on why riots come about and the generally wrong stereotype of the words "Black Power." He emphasized that Negroes are just like other people—human—and that they want rights which belong to everyone.

Speaking of riots, wouldn't you riot if you lived in those conditions? Mr. Bagby pointed out that our problem is not in getting Government to pass laws, it is for the churches to get people to "want" these laws. ►

He's right, you know.



"Some conference time was spent getting acquainted with the 15 International Christian Youth Exchange students who were part of our group."

Tuesday—another bright and warm morning. We all loaded onto buses and headed for the Department of State building. Mr. Kimble, Senior Editor in the Bureau of Public Affairs, gave a short talk, followed by questions and discussion among our group. A tour of some of the rooms gave us an idea of the tremendous elegance with which guests are served and entertained. Historical furniture, gorgeous tapestries, and chandeliers were among some of the furnishings. The balcony onto which we entered gave us a beautiful view of part of the city, including Arlington Cemetery.

Afterwards everyone split. Some roamed the city, others toured Government buildings or the White House, and still others climbed the Washington Monument. It was our free afternoon.

We all gathered together again for a briefing on the Supreme Court by the Honorable John F. Davis, followed by a tour and lecture on the Supreme Court Room.

Also while we were in Washington, we were divided into four different groups to visit other churches' representatives and hear their opinion on the church lobby. My group went to the Friends Committee on National Legislation. This was an extremely interesting and helpful part of the seminar. We received from them materials on almost everything from writing letters to editors or Congressmen to how to take political action. They felt a church lobby was needed in order to help guide the conscience of the legislators.

The evening was taken up by one of the most enthusiastically received speakers to address our group. (He was tall, dark and handsome, young and unmarried, a former Davis Cup tennis team member, and a graduate

of Yale!). Speaking on "Poverty in the Richest Nation of the World," Mr. Donald L. Dell, Special Assistant to Sargent Shriver in the Office for Economic Opportunity, gave us many insights concerning the poverty problem that exists within our own country. He stated that "The poor have it hard, and the hardest thing is us." He gave some very pathetic statistics, such as there are over 37 million Americans classified as poor, which means they have an average of 23¢ or less per person per meal. Sixty-five percent of these are White. Problems of the poverty organizations include cuts in the budget for these programs, not enough workers, and the biggest problem—MIDDLE CLASS APATHY.

Did you realize that out of every tax dollar, OEO gets 1¼¢, while 75¢ goes to past and present wars? It's something to think about for all of us. Mr. Dell was impressive, and what he stood for was and is pressing.

Wednesday morning gave us an opportunity to divide up into geographical groups and visit our respective Congressmen, providing they weren't in committee sessions or out of the city. Some of us also visited committee sessions. Many of us took advantage of the very unique and fun subway system running from the Capitol to both the Senators and Representatives office buildings.

Our brief and informative stay in Washington was concluded with lunch. We all boarded buses and cars, bade fond farewells to the city, and were off for. . . .

New York!! Air pollution everywhere! Many of us were almost afraid to breathe. Lights, traffic, and people, the whole area was throbbing.

Our first night was free. People went everywhere. Some went to Broadway plays, others to Carnegie Hall, some to Radio City Music Hall, and even others to unguided tours of Greenwich Village.

Our first day at the United Nations started at the Church Center for the U. N., across the street from the U. N. Building. There we were briefed on what our exact activities would be, checked schedules and had a short worship service.

Several excellent points and challenging questions were given to us. How able are you to think from the point of view of another person or nation? When you learn about someone else, you don't necessarily become like that person, but you become a smarter person. Lastly, are you a "Christian American" or an "American Christian?"

The U. N. is not a government, but an association of 123 sovereign states (plus observer countries) with a purpose of trying to find a common point of view. We toured the U. N. buildings in groups of about 15 to 20, each with an official guide from one of the many countries.

"The 'seminar' is not over. We now have the chance and challenge to put some of our new knowledge and ideas in practice back home."

From there we went in groups of six to some 30 different foreign missions to the U. N. My group visited the Saudi Arabia Mission. That experience was beautiful. Real communication. (In our group were four Americans, a boy from Chile, a girl from the Democratic Republic of the Congo—both I.C.Y.E. students—and the diplomat of the Saudi Arabia Mission.) We had different cultural and religious backgrounds, and sometimes had trouble translating from a native language to English, but we had real communication. With all this happening, we learned about a country, its religion, its feelings, its reaction to the Middle East conflict, about its deep feeling of need for universal human rights. I could write a book on what took place there.

With the knowledge, just received, we tried to represent the Saudi Arabian point of view at a caucus that afternoon. My group went to the Asian caucus. We were deciding how we, as a major area or continent, Asia, would stand on the question of human rights and religious tolerance. We immediately gained a deeper appreciation of what all the U. N. does get done.

After choosing representatives to speak for us, we had a bite to eat and then moved into the main room for our evening session. We held our own model U. N. General Assembly, with Mr. Gerald Widdrington of the Church Center acting as Chairman. A heated discussion between "shoe-pounding" hungry and obstinate Saudi Arabia was somewhat subdued by the intervention of various other delegations. The final vote on the religious intolerance question was rather unclarified because of an incident involving the "most distinguished fill-in" from Jordan.

We woke to a gray and rainy morning our last day of the Seminar. First on the agenda was a series of three short films. One dealt with the International Labor Organization, another (with the assistance of Bozo the Clown) was about UNICEF, and the third was a very dramatic film, without words, but with very effective music, entitled "Overture."

After the movies we heard a U. N. spokesman on the Middle East problem. He gave a history of the conflict there, and a background of U. N. actions there. He stated that one problem was that no one would cooperate. Everybody emphasized that the Arabs threw out U. N. forces, but the Israelis never even let them in. He refused to label an aggressor until the Security Council did so.

We then listened to a panel of four persons representing UNESCO, FAO (Food and Agriculture Organization), ILO (International Labor Organization), and WHO (World Health Organization). Each one gave

NOTE: WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY DAMAGE
WHICH MAY OCCUR.



How Cartoonists View the News



Jensen / Sunday Telegraph, London



Journal-Bulletin

"Maybe it's carrying your program a little too far, Lady Bird?"

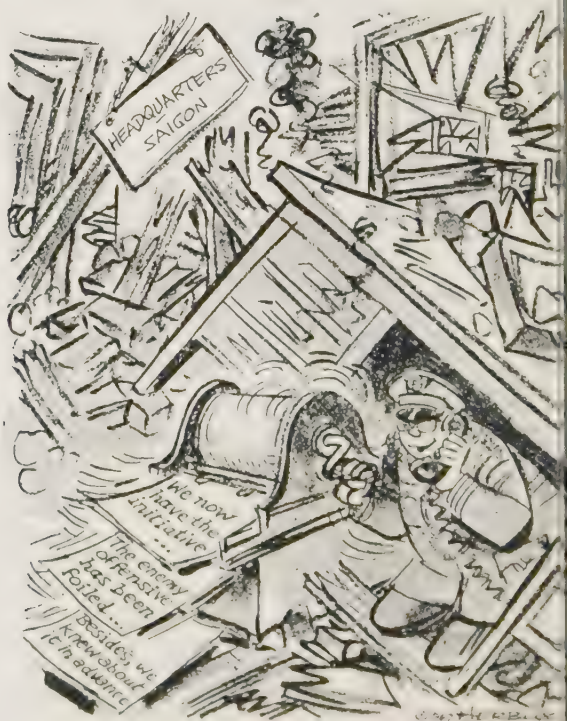


"Are you sort of against, undecidedly against, firmly against, kind of for, hesitantly for, completely for, reluctantly for, painfully undecided or temporarily noncommittal about LBJ?"

"He wants to be first . . . !"



"Everything's OK—they never reached the mimeograph machine."





"I don't know if either side is winning, but I know who's losing."



"It says: 'Sorry, but programming omitted factor of human spirit.'"



"Privately, I agree with you.
Publicly, I've got to jail you."

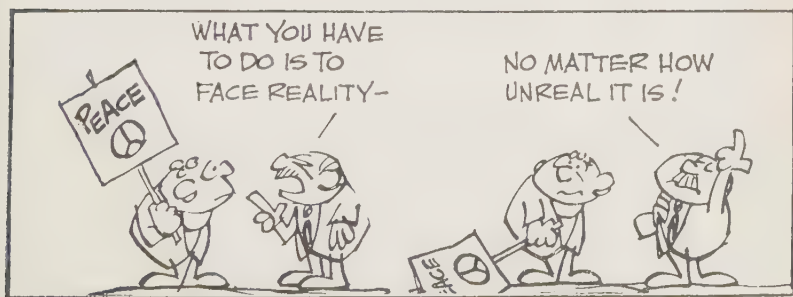


Interlandi © 1964 Los Angeles Times
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"It was only a matter of time."



"Not whale again!"



Brickman / The Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.

PRaise FOR YOUTH

As a parent who frequently reads your magazine, I have in the past expressed the thought that you should be doing, in general, a better job of presenting both sides of controversial issues. I also feel you deserve to be commended for coming up with a particularly good issue, and for that reason I would like to tell you what a splendid job you did on your issue of January 28. The article written by Dr. Glatthorn contained some of the best advice for our young people that I have seen in a long time. He is certainly to be commended for the sense of perspective illustrated in this article. I hope that many of our youth will take time to read this article, as it is certainly a stepping stone to a more mature outlook.—J. K./Richmond, Va.

My husband and I have sponsored high school groups through whatever local Episcopal church we have attended (we move not infrequently because my husband is in the Air Force), and we can't say enough about YOUTH. It's not like the usual pap.—B. W./Pacific Palisades, Calif.

One of my staff members brought me a copy of the January 28 issue of YOUTH magazine. Congratulations on a superb issue filled with pertinent facts and dramatic photos and presented in an attractive format. Would it be possible for me to purchase ten copies to distribute to the Journalism Education Association National Executive Board?

If you have not already done so, you may wish sometime to give recognition to that other great high school publication, the yearbook.

—R. G./Indianapolis, Ind.

touch & go

The Board of Christian Education of our local Baptist Church has received a letter from a parent objecting to our sending YOUTH magazine to their teen-age son.

We have reviewed issues of your magazine from April 1967 to the present time and have not, in our opinion, found the "perversion" indicated by the parents. We sent letters to all our parents of teen-agers receiving YOUTH in which we applauded your magazine and recommended it again for all our teens. We asked the parents to voice an opinion concerning whether or not they wished to have their youngsters continue receiving YOUTH. All except three indicated they wished the magazine to be continued and many praised it as being intelligent and relevant.

We heartily endorse the content of YOUTH and we hope the Editorial Board of YOUTH will keep up the good work.—D. D./Warwick, R.I.

I get your magazine for my teen-agers, but always read it for myself first. It is first-class—so refreshing after what usually passes for reading for church young people. Our Anglican Church is getting very out of touch with young people and can survive much longer with only "old faithfuls" over 60.

I was particularly heartened by your February 25 issue about parents and volunteers working for love with their fellowmen.—J. B./Victoria, B.C.

PRaise FROM YOUTH

Although I do not subscribe to YOUTH, I read my friends' issues (I plan to get it myself soon), and I read in your August 1967 issue that you welcome creative expressions for possible publication.

I enjoy your magazine immensely. Finally someone bothers with youth! Thank you.

—S. K./Newton Highlands, Mass.

I am 17 years old and have read your magazine in Sunday school often. I enjoyed very much the freedom you give to your readers to express themselves. The articles hit hard the realities of life many young people face.

Thank you for the opportunity to let me reveal my thoughts about the world and me. Thank you for such a wonderful magazine to let some of us know what goes on in other peoples' minds.

—A. B./Evansville, Wis.

Thank you for a really great magazine. I find myself anxiously awaiting each issue of YOUTH. It is a great friend to me and I find myself reading each copy over and over. I believe it has helped me to think for myself instead of "following tradition and the crowd."—K. O./Scotland, S.D.

I have only read two issues of YOUTH magazine, but find it most interesting and alive. It is written for youth by people who think young. It looks at the world through the eyes of teen-agers who, someday, will determine the fate of this entire world.

—K. C./Halifax, N.S.

MORE ON HUCKLEBERRY

I am writing to disagree with some of the views expressed by the Rev.

Larry Beggs in the January 14 issue of YOUTH. His article deals with teen-age rebellion, and much of what he says is excellent. However, I am very disturbed by his statement which encourages young people to flaunt authority and rebel against "colonial powers" (rule by adults). Our youth need guidance in developing responsible self-determination, not open encouragement to rebel against law and authority.

—E. A./Wooster, O.

I am writing on behalf of our Youth Council concerning the article by the Rev. Larry Beggs. The Council, composed of youth and adults, had a special meeting last night to talk over the article, since a number of the adults were upset by it, feeling that it had no place in a Christian youth magazine. Others thought that it at least should have been edited to indicate that the ideas expressed were not necessarily the views of the editor. The objections centered mainly on Mr. Beggs' permissiveness concerning the "pill" and his seeming downgrading of parents.

Most of the adults in the Youth Council meeting opposed the article; most of the youth favored it, although some of the latter did not agree with it. We would like your opinion concerning it and the way you feel about either editing such an article or including an editorial to the effect that the article does not necessarily reflect the Editor's opinion—this note to lessen the possibility that some young person with a relatively poor moral foundation will not be able to identify the opinions in the article with those of the church leaders.

—J. D./Arvin, Calif.

POLAND

IMPRESSIONS ON
FORMING IMPRESSIONS

LANGUAGES ARE DIFFERENT,
COUNTRIES ARE DIFFERENT,
BUT WHAT OF THE PEOPLE??



BY JEANNE DOWNS / The "Chopin Express" to Warsaw left Vienna right on schedule at 10 p.m. Just at midnight we crossed the Austrian border into Czechoslovakia.

The confidence in my ability to "survive" in a country with different customs and language built up from my previous work camp experience in Switzerland began to wane as the train headed North. The sense of depression and frustration not uncommon compared to one experiencing difficulty in communicating even the simplest of ideas began to set in.

Here I was—on my way to Poland for a month to participate in an international work camp near Warsaw. The camp was jointly sponsored by the World Council of Churches and the Polish Ecumenical Council—but beyond these facts I knew no particulars, least

Photos by Jeanne Downs



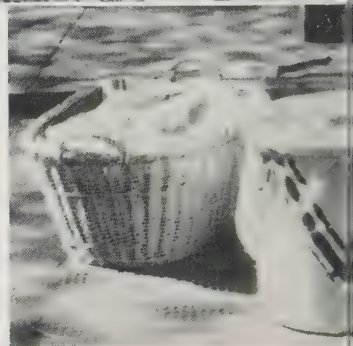
Looking at Warsaw today it is hard to believe that ninety percent of the city was destroyed during World War II!

Of all what kinds of experiences would soon be part of my personal history. Beyond a few articles I had read to prepare me for the work camp and occasional newspaper accounts of “incidents” occurring there, I had read nothing in recent times about Poland. I could vaguely recall a few facts from my World History course in high school, and, because the U.S. had issued a special postage stamp to commemorate the occasion, I knew they had just celebrated their millenium or thousand years of history. To say simply, I just wasn’t entering the country with my head jammed full of actual information. And I didn’t know what to expect from my first trip behind the Iron Curtain—and maybe that led me unconsciously to expect the worst, whatever that is. I did have some impressions about what it might be like, but those were very vague, and in fact, they were not impressions of Poland specifically; rather they were the kind of conclusions of the hearsay variety that all of us run into about what life is like in what our part of the world calls “Communist countries” *i.e.* generalizations about what it means to be a satellite of “big Brother.”

My first actual look at Polish territory was in the half-light of early morning. As I looked through the train window across the fields I saw a bird swooping low and couldn’t stop my thoughts: “How strange—a bird!



"Up at 6:30—and then to work. . . . Second breakfast at 10:30. . . . And children coming home from school would stop to wonder. . . ."



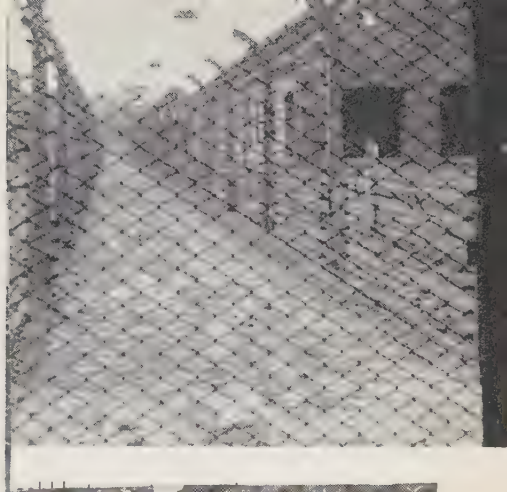
"How strange — a bird! A bird flying in Poland!"

A bird flying in Poland!?" With a bit of shame I laughed at my own amazement—of course, a bird here, just as almost everywhere else in the world. Birds are not concerned with political structures or man-made boundaries, lines or cold wars.

But I drifted back into something of a depression deepened by a growing expectation of the worst as the train slipped through the small industrial towns clustered near the railway in the South. As we passed, the workers were standing on the station platforms, drinking their beer, waiting to go to work in the larger factories nearby. The towns they lived in were devoid of almost all color—unpainted-weatherstained-gray houses, gray sand and stone streets, black smoke from the factory furnaces, and most of all the workers themselves seemed to lack color as they stood quietly in their dark gray overalls.

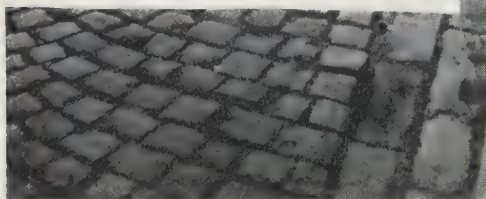
The lengthy, semi-dawn early morning light of September in this country, several latitudinal degrees north of the U.S. tinted everything gray, especially my spirits, and I thought of a poor country of oppressed peoples.

To arrive in Warsaw on a sunless day after 14 virtually sleepless hours, the train is not an experience calculated to provide one with shivers of joy, anyway, and to spend one's afternoon of arrival on a walking tour of the city that came off sounding like the star witness for the prosecution at the





"Up at 6:30—and then to work. . . . Second breakfast at 10:30. . . . And children coming home from school would stop to wonder. . . ."



Differences in our

Nuremberg trials pointing out the evidence, was of no help in lifting spirits either: "On this corner was part of the Jewish Ghetto. At one time incarcerated here under intolerable conditions were over 800,000 Jews. . . . On the corner by this building, as you can see by the marker, 244 Poles were executed before a firing squad for apparently no reason. . . . and over there are the remains of a building that once was a factory. . . . just a few years ago nothing was left of this city but rubble. The German army, on two occasions under specific orders from the Führer bombed and burned the city until 90% of it was destroyed. When the liberating army came there was not a live body to be found. Although many of the inhabitants had been evacuated (taken to work farms or concentration camps) hundreds of thousands died. . . ."

Those first few hours—even the first few days, left me with no sense of laughter—joy—life such as I had encountered in Vienna, London, Geneva. Then again, perhaps it was my own unconscious preconception affecting my vision. Perhaps a more appropriate way to say it is I detected an absence of "shininess."

From the point of view of an American in Warsaw, differences in the way of life from ours are readily apparent, even in the huge, modern capital city and its suburbs: seemingly endless queues in the afternoon outside



This cobblestone street and city square are in Cracow, Poland. The Auschwitz concentration camp was a grim reminder of the past.

life are readily apparent, but so are similarities

butcher shop; large department stores, but with the wares, limited in style and number, arranged carefully, but unattractively, behind the counters, out of reach of the consumer; increasing numbers of automobiles, but of the purely functional variety with the exception of a few Western imports and those often owned by personnel of various embassies; stoves of the ceramic-tiled, cast iron-topped, coal-stuffed variety made into the wall in basement kitchens; and an unbelievable number of horse-drawn wagons (incidentally, a symbol of one of the country's biggest economic problems—agricultural production). The incidence of such examples of lack of patina is too high to enumerate.

Because these are obvious differences, I saw enough in one week to be able to fill many pages of a book with discourse on "life in a socialist country." But I was there for more than one week, and I began to see other less obvious things.

First of all, to continue on things "cultural," this is a country with a sense of its own heritage, and it has produced its own share of "great men" such as Copernicus, Chopin, Paderewski; the Opera House is equipped with some of the best equipment available today; everywhere things are being improved, they are growing, developing—and this growth points to some of the things to which they give priority. (It's worth noting, however, that youth do watch "The Untouchables" on television on Wednesday nights.)

But, and more important, by the second week I was beginning to see other things than different ways of shopping or preparing food. I began to see *people* behind the counters and in the kitchens. I began to see what kinds of things these Poles were working for, their hopes, and needs—persons—and then I began to understand that I really didn't know Poland at all! I discovered that what I had been doing was looking at "life in Poland" in terms of what the people *didn't have* materially compared to what most of us in the Western world *do have* and thereby passing a sort of judgment on the governing structure of the country. The conclusions of this kind of reasoning are as fallacious as judging a man solely on the basis of the kind of clothes he wears.

And, to be honest, the absence of Madison Ave. gloss became something of a pleasure. (Not really intending to drag in the old cliché that all that glitters is not gold.) It made it easier to discover that the Pole—as a person—was exactly that, a person, quite like the Swiss, British, or American. And the name under which his system of government goes is not so important as what he, himself, is doing in pursuit of his "personhood"—how he is meeting his needs and where he is going in terms of his priorities. And to look at it another way, to evaluate or understand his governmental system is ultimately to consider how it facilitates, allows, or hinders the development of the people within it.

I began to see people

It is becoming increasingly clear to me that it is impossible and/or unwise to condemn or accept a "system" or way of life without understanding it, to live in it, and to understand a country with as complex a history as Poland has (or any other country for that matter) is not the kind of thing one can do in one week or two—even in four. I'm not sure I can ever fully appreciate a different way of life without living it. And the chances that I will ever live in Poland are mighty, mighty slim. About the only thing I can do under the circumstances, relative to Poland and even more especially to a country I've never even visited, in considering peoples with a different form of government structure, is to be as open and unbiased as possible and can maintain a certain sense of reality (objectivity if you prefer) even without what is necessarily a very subjective perception of someone else's subjective "evidence." I don't consider this opting out on the importance of being critical or acting and responding. There simply is a difference in criticism that is condemnatory and that which is based on judicious examination.

While I was in Poland I learned enough to know I didn't know enough. If I had left at the end of one week, I could have written a book. But I was there four weeks—now I'm going to go read one. ▼



persons.

After Poland came a quick trip to Prague, part of Germany, eastern Switzerland, Italy—a few more weeks in Switzerland—and then, home.



"This is it! That is, this is our last chance to remind you of our 1968 Creative Arts Award Competition. Our deadline for entries—May 1, 1968—is fast approaching. Maybe you've already submitted something for this year's competition—if so, great! But if you haven't, and if you draw or paint or sculpt or take photographs, we'd like to urge you to consider getting something in the mail to us by that May 1st date.

Again, in case you've missed them before, here are the rules and guidelines for the 1968 competition:

1. You must be younger than 20 years of age.
2. Your entry must be your original work. It may be something done as a school assignment, something done for your own enjoyment, or something done especially for the competition—but it must be yours.
3. Each person may submit no more than a total of five entries.
4. Each entry *must be identified* with the title of the work, your name, your age, your home address (street, city, and state). We would also be interested in knowing your local church affiliation.
5. CREATIVE WRITING ENTRIES WILL NOT BE RETURNED—so please make sure you keep a copy of your work(s) for yourself.
6. All contributions must be mailed by no later than May 1, 1968.

You may submit entries in the following categories:

CREATIVE WRITING / We welcome any type of creative writing you wish to submit—poetry, fiction, essay, editorial, humor, satire, true-to-life story, drama, whatever you feel like writing.

ART WORK / You may submit any type of art work which can be reproduced in YOUTH. This includes paintings, sketches, mosaics, prints, cartoons, story illustrations, or abstract art—any expression of your own ideas and feelings. Due to mailing limitations, the size of the art work should not be larger than 12" by 15".

PHOTOS / Send us a black and white print of the photo you wish to submit. There is no limitation on subject matter. The print should not be larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5" in size.

SCULPTURE / If you've done a sculpture, mobile, paper folding, or wood carving which you'd like to submit, send us one photo or a group of photos which best present all the dimensions of your work.

Twenty-five dollars will be given to each young person whose creative work is reproduced in YOUTH magazine in August 1968.

Send your original work(s)—being sure they are all marked with your name and address—to CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS, YOUTH magazine, Room 806, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. After the judging is completed, all entries, except Creative Writing, will be returned.

i am an intelligent society.
i have insight,
i have imagination.

i am a jubilant society.
i leap,
i hopefully grasp a star.
i laugh, i dance, i sing and joy is my light.
i am youth, man.

CREATIVE ARTS '88

i am a searching society.
lost.

i am like clay.

Make me a new city!

Dear God,
all around me I hear
the noises of progress.
Buildings rise, fall, and rise again.
Tearing down and reforming,
building bigger, better:
air compressors and jackhammers,
welding torches, concrete, steel,
sledge, headache ball.

What does it mean?
Why are we building?
Is this progress or
more of the same?

I'm still the same and
the jackhammers are all outside of me.
Did you want *me* to change,
be torn apart and reformed?
God, the noise would be frightening!
Could you remake me the way we remake our
cities,
keeping the real and crumbling the rest?
Must I go through the pain of renewal?
Real, honest, actual, humble, serviceable?
O God, if this is a vision of what could be,
bring it to pass!
Make me a new city!

—Dick Ellerbrake